



# THE RATTLE

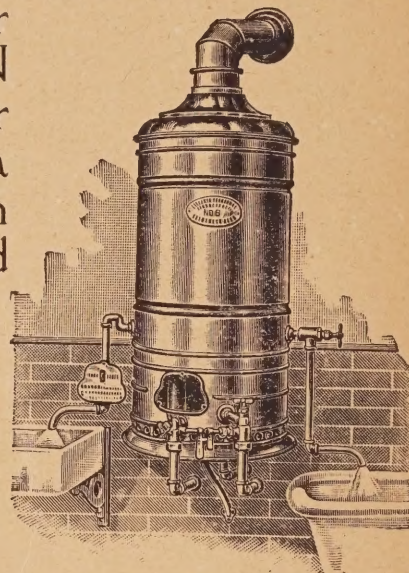


SHANGHAI:  
KELLY AND WALSH, LIMITED, PUBLISHERS,  
11, THE BUND.



# THE LUXURY OF A GEYSER.

The delights of the daily 'tub' invigorating in the morning and so soothing at night, scarcely need to be extolled. Thanks are due to the inventor of the GAS GEYSER as a tubful or several tubfuls of hot water are obtainable in a QUARTER OF AN HOUR of lighting the gas flames under a Geyser. Whether it is a cupful or a tubful which is required, the Geyser can be RELIED UPON to supply the need at a MINIMUM EXPENDITURE of time and money.



**ON HIRE**

APPLY TO

**SHANGHAI GAS COMPANY, LIMITED.**

24 NANKING ROAD.

# THE CHINA MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE Co., LIMITED.

Registered under the Hongkong Ordinances and under the Life Assurance Companies Acts, England.

Figures at 31/3/1911

Subscribed Capital  
Tls. 500,000.00

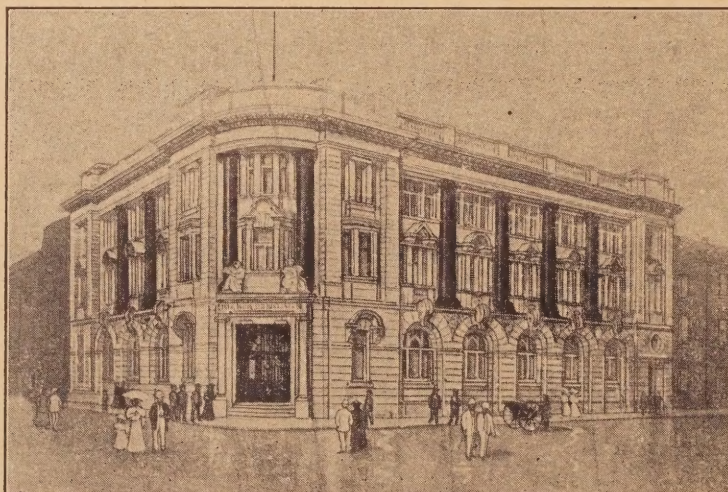
Paid up Capital  
Tls. 50,000.00

Total Insurance in Force  
Tls. 29,678,599.00

Total Assets  
Tls. 7,404,697.77

Total Funds  
Tls. 7,140,037.67

Total Income for Year  
Tls. 2,896,553.27



Company's New Head Office, Shanghai.

Agencies Throughout  
the East.

Write for new prospectus  
12th annual report.

All forms of Life and  
Endowment policies  
issued on the most  
favorable terms con-  
sistent with sound  
and conservative in-  
surance.

Security to policy-holders  
unexcelled, Bonuses  
unequalled.

**THE CHINA MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE Co., Ltd., 10 Canton Road, Shanghai.**

J. A. WAITTIE, Esq., *Managing Director.* A. J. HUGHES, Esq., *Secretary.* S. B. NEILL, F.I.A., *Actuary.*



FOOLISH PEOPLE  
ASK  
“WHICH WAY”  
WISE PEOPLE ADOPT  
“THE ONLY ONE”

---

*BUSSINESSMEN should weigh well the  
way they have their Business printing done*

---

THE  
**ORIENTAL INK**  
and THE CHINA PRINTING COMPANY  
**UNIVERSITY PRESS**

HAVE A WAY THAT OUTWEIGHS THEM ALL

55, YANG-KING-  
PANG 56,

TEL. 356  
793

33, HASKELL  
ROAD.



# Lane, Crawford & Co., Ltd.

Telephone

No. 263

Drapery &  
Furnishing

Depart-  
ments

Telephone

No. 3463

**DRAPERS, LADIES' OUTFITTERS**

**Dressmakers & Milliners**

**House Furnishers**

**Outfitters and Tailors**

**Grocers and Provision Merchants**

**Wines and Spirit Merchants**

**Shipchandlers**

No. 9A

**NANKING**

**ROAD,**

**SHANGHAI**

## Folding Card Tables

IN THREE SIZES SUITABLE FOR

VERANDAH, LAWN OR HOUSEBOAT

## Folding Chairs <sup>to</sup> Match

**ARTS & CRAFTS LIMITED.**

44, NANKING ROAD.

SHANGHAI.



# THE RATTLE

*"Pleased with a Rattle Tickled with a Straw" Pope.*

Vol. II

Shanghai July 1911

No. 8

## EN PASSANT

*'Tis the voice of the Rattle; I heard it proclaim,  
'We are nothing but sound as you see from our name:  
'As the Moon to the moonstone, so we to Shanghai  
'Give nothing for nothing, so hasten, to buy.*



T is upon a new Heaven and a new Earth that the Rattle bursts after eight years of desuetude.

New men and women: new bricks and mortar: nought but the ebb and flow of the Yang-king-pang to indicate that Shanghai stands like Scotland where she did. This being so, does anyone think that the scholarly reading public and art lovers generally are entitled to ask for new pencillers

and penmen? If so, my masters, put our paper down and suck what comfort ye may out of your mail letters or the Share List or whatever other printed matter customarily accompanies your coffee and rolls. For it is the same old lot.

'Tis to those others, the many we hope rather than the few, who recall without shuddering the Rattles of earlier days, that we again address ourselves, and with them we would couple that new generation, arrivals later than 1903, whose duty it is to buy and read anything that is put before them.

Of policy or purpose it would be idle to speak, for we give no assurance of continuity. There is a here, here indeed is a number (No. 3), but we do not guarantee a hereafter. What we tell you to-day we reserve the right to contradict tomorrow. And,

more than that, we shall make no excuse nor apology, after the paltry manner of directors, for to be consistent in anything but inconsistency argues limited scope, whereas the scope of the Rattle has no bounds.

Talking of directors has anyone missed the Tot Mijn Bosch circular of June the 12th? Were shareholders ever talked to in this manner before? Here it is in skeleton:—

We have been requested	We regret we are unable
We are also asked	We can see no reason
We are given to under-	We take this opportunity
stand	to warn

It has been suggested We are, however, of opinion

'Tis a curious mixture of benevolent obstinacy and self-sufficient omniscience. 'Tis the evasive sparring of a very young couple with a precocious first-born. 'Tis the impregnable wall-front of a good class nurse. 'Tis anything you like, but it isn't cricket. Verily, as one of those half-per-cent out-o' works was heard to mutter, "Were I Brutus, and Brutus Antony, there were an Antony would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue in every wound of Caesar, that should move the stones of Rome to rise and mutiny."

And then read o'er the names of the signatory statesmen!—Tut! Mine Gosh!!

\* \* \* \* \*

Even Homer noticed that harpists and amateur reciters were made welcome at all feasts. So it is no new thing, and we see them still at stupid parties where there is no bridge. In the middle ages they were placed at the end of a long table with distant kinsmen and mendicants, and this, I think, should still be done. As a matter of fact it is not, and I have seen a pinchbeck falsetto at his hostess' right for no virtue but the anticipation that he will later accompany Miss Snoogsby and her fiddle.

The age is one of levelling, and Oh! The pity of it!



That reminds me of a utopian dream I once had of buying up a controlling number of Fuhlee shares and then sacking the whole establishment. It was in the evening, on a day on which they had been more grossly insolent than usual, and I was purple with rage and mortification. I remember it had something to do with whether the collars which suited my requirements would sit equally well round the neck of the jackanapes who was getting them out of the boxes. Well, I think I bought nineteen, (shares not collars), in small parcels, and then gave it up. It was nearly fifteen years ago and my salary was a very small one, but even now, whenever I run through my list of securities, the sight of that figure 19 brings back the old and cherished hope, and the tears well forth afresh.

\* \* \* \* \*

Not all George Wingrove's Coronation Pageantry and Aldridge's Coronation Kilowatts put together could make so inspiriting a display as the Tung Wen College boys with mere sticks and a few paper lanterns. Wherein lies the secret of the bamboozling of Lord Salisbury, and the dreamy dementia of Lafcadio Hearn, and others. "Joyously celebrate," says Ariyoshi, and as one man his juvenile nationals respond. "Be spontaneous," says Ariyoshi, and as previously arranged they spontane. When brains and muscles are needed Japan can certainly put them into the field, but, when she is only asked to cheer up, the spirit of the nation is let loose and she licks creation.

No one showed up better than the Austrian Vice-Consul. A sufficiency of good looks, plum-puce unmentionables and a debonnair deportment combined to produce nobbiness in excelsis. The easy relief of summer uniform won for the C-G the undying gratitude of his staff and appealed to the Settlement in general, but 'twas a day when common sense was blushing to expose itself, when comfort had no part nor lot, and if I had been entitled to wear a busby or a mitre, in spite of orders to the contrary, I would have shoved it on.

Do not let me leave the Coronation without mentioning the weather, for why it stopped raining for that day only no one has yet discovered. It seemed to take one nearer the early Stuart standpoint than ever before. D. G. and Divine Right loom up with all that Strafford and Laud put into them. And yet this is nonsense. The King can do no wrong. True, but that doesn't mean he's not to get his feet wet.

Still those few hot and heavy drops that fell after dinner, at about 9.15, if they meant anything they meant a downpour. There is but to add that no water poured down that I saw.

\* \* \* \* \*

When a man gets to forty five and has to buy new clothes before his old ones are worn out because of his growing bulk he is no sort of a pleasant stable companion. You find, in a steamer or train, he spreads himself over more than half of the sofa, he borrows things and leaves off carrying his cigarette case, and, worst of all, he keeps on suggesting that he shall pay for the next. Youth is an indulgent critic of its elders' offences and doesn't allow the thought to take shape, while the give-and-take of marriage blinds many men to such idiosyncracies. You must be well out on the bank and watching the stream attentively before you can see these things in their true light, and then, I maintain, it is your duty to speak out.

\* \* \* \* \*

A fancied right to complain is said to be embedded in every British breast; indeed, many people who have not read the text believe it to be codified in a clause of Magna Charter. Little, however, can the Johannine barons have imagined what follies would be committed in their name. For instance, is it a fair subject for complaint that the blue-bottles escape from the sugar-basins because there are no lids? I shall hardly be believed when I say that a complaint in this sense appeared during June in one of the clubs' Complaint Books. Heavens! If a blue-bottle survives its struggle for existence it has as much right to its liberty as a Brazilian.

---

## JUNE.

---

West wind and privet, and the whit-a-woo  
Of one monotonous bird the evening through:  
And nought of sustenance for me and thee  
Save this fried brain and yonder fetid stew.



The Consul General  
receives



### THE STORY OF NIMRUD AND THE RUKH'S EGG.

It is related, O Happy King, that in one of the cities of China there dwelt a man named Nimrud. This Nimrud possessed the egg of a Rukh which had formerly been given to him as a pledge and which was a most precious and costly thing.

On a certain day a man knocked at the gate of Nimrud's house and the gatekeeper opened the door and admitted him, and brought him to the inner chamber where Nimrud sat, and when he saw Nimrud, he said, "I desire to buy from thee a Rukh's egg." And Nimrud answered, "By Allah, it is a glorious possession!" Then the man said, "I have not so much as one ounce of silver belonging to me." And Nimrud answered him, "O, thy misfortune!" Then the man replied "This is no trifling matter and I will expose to thee my design. It is my intention to go in to the country of the King of Mesopotamia, and to cause a proclamation to be made in the Bazaars of that country and in the country of China that if any man will bring ten ounces of silver to an appointed place, he will receive in exchange a certain number of grains of rice enclosed in a brass bottle. It will also be proclaimed that at a future time all the bottles will be opened in the sight of witnesses, and he whose bottle contains the number of grains which is most like to the number of hairs in the beard of the Khaleefeh Haroon Er-Rasheed, shall become the possessor of a Rukh's egg. When the people hear this proclamation, it is not to be doubted that they will confide in the protection of Allah, and will bring the silver to the appointed place. Thus I shall acquire riches, and it will be an easy thing for me, O my father, to buy from thee the Rukh's egg at the price which thou shalt have appointed."

Then Nimrud was greatly pleased, and said to the man, "If thou wilt give me such a sum, I will give to thee the Rukh's egg."

So the man departed, and not long afterwards proclamation was made in the Bazaars

of the Kingdom of Mesopotamia and the Kingdom of China that if any man would bring ten ounces of silver to an appointed place he would receive a certain number of grains of rice in a bottle, and that on a future day his bottle would be opened in the presence of witnesses, and that if the number of grains of rice in that bottle was the nearest to the number of hairs in the beard of the Khaleefeh, he would become the possessor of a Rukh's egg.

As soon as the people heard the proclamation, every man said to himself, "Allah is my protector; I shall surely obtain the egg;" and he delivered his ten ounces of silver at the appointed place, and received a brass bottle sealed with the name of Allah, and to be opened on a future day.

Now, about this time the Khaleefeh Haroon Er-Rasheed was suffering from an affection of the skin of his face. And he consulted his physicians, and they one and all said, "O Khaleefeh, there is no remedy, but only this; that the hairs of thy face be removed, and that they be burned with fire; thus only may the skin of thy face be restored to its beauty." And the Khaleefeh said, "Let it be done." So the hairs of the Khaleefeh's face were removed, and were burned with fire, and there was not left so much as one hair upon the face of the Khaleefeh.

When that thing became known to Nimrud, he was greatly disturbed in his mind, and his sleep left him, for he feared that the price of the Rukh's egg would not be paid to him. And being troubled in spirit he walked through the Bazaar, and heard, one man say to another "Woe upon this fellow! I would that my ten ounces of silver lay again in my girdle; if there be no hairs in the beard of the Khaleefeh, how shall any man obtain the Rukh's eggs." And his fellow replied, "Yea, woe upon him to the twentieth generation? Who is this Son of Snaitan that he should take silver from us?"

When Nimrud heard this he was exceedingly vexed, but what he did thereafter, O virtuous King, is more wonderful than what has gone before.



## TO JULIA

Julia, though your monstrous toque  
 May be in the latest style,  
 'Tis a freak which might provoke  
 Ribald grin or covert smile:  
 Odd, bizarre, men say, but lastly,  
 It becomes you, Julia, vastly.

Though you bow to fashion's yoke,  
 Like the rest of womenkind,  
 Yet you overcome this toque,  
 Seemingly so ill designed,  
 And for all its size alarming  
 You contrive to look most charming.

Milliners who may devise,  
 Headgear quaint in ugliness,  
 Are unable to disguise,  
 Beauty such as you possess,  
 Thus, their wares, however ghastly,  
 All become you, Julia, vastly.



Shanghai makes a Base

"The Glorious Fourth" was celebrated with verve and vim.

See local papers,—





*Peachblow*



## THE RATTLER'S PRIZE POEM.

*The Prize for a poem of not more than twenty-four lines on the subject of "Peach Blow."*

We were glad to find this competition so popular. Apparently the Settlement abounds in budding bards and Miltons mute, and inglorious till now. We cannot quote all the verse we have received, much as we should like to do so but cannot refrain from citing one or two examples. The light touch of the following is remarkable

Sick'ning, indelicate, white,  
Painted to "knock" the Maloo.

We do not quarrel with our poet for imitating Austin Dobson, but are merely sorry for the latter.

Here is another;

These pretty girls  
Like Orient pearls  
Delight the gazers' eye;  
Their little feet  
Are very sweet  
Their home is in Shanghai.

Too, too Wordsworthian, of course.

The following is robust and has a merry swing;

I love the lassies, the dinky Chinky lasses,  
With the ribbon and the oil upon their hair;  
And I'd like to kill the hatter, the ruddy German hatter.

There is merit in this somewhere, perhaps because it recalls something else. But why a German hatter? Such precision is surely needless, especially as it is more than probable he was a Japanese.

A more serious songster writes;

A poem po' Peach Blow, Egad. Pale purple flower,  
I love it so d' you, eh what, what, what, what!

This may be good Browning but its bad poetry.

There is probably true inspiration in this,

When the spring is fled, and the rose is dead, and  
June has kissed July;

When a balmy breeze of the Southern seas flits over  
a moonlit sky;

It goes on like this and covers six sheets of foolscap. No doubt it is very beautiful even though nothing does happen at the end of it all.

Anyhow we only asked for 24 lines.

Finally we come to the two Prize Poems of which our readers will, we hope, approve.

## I

Bloom of Peach and Precious Jade,  
Never were two maids so fair,  
Fragile, delicately made,  
Bloom of Peach and Precious Jade,  
In your finery array'd

You are such a pretty pair.  
Havoc with my heart you've play'd  
Never were two maids so fair.

Symphonies in reds and greens,  
Just a little crude perhaps,  
Now I know what colour means,  
Symphonies in reds and greens,  
Bright from tapered trousereens  
To your foreign fashion caps;  
Your imagination leans  
To discordant tones perhaps.

And your raven locks you do,  
Bloom of Peach and Precious Jade,  
In an unbecoming queue,  
Thus your raven locks you do  
Tied with bows of satin blue,  
To confine each oily braid:  
Peris of the Sz Maloo  
Bloom of Peach and Precious Jade.

## II

While today gives its life for tomorrow,  
While the heart of the East is aglow,  
Ye wander, O children of Sorrow,  
On golden unspeakable toe:  
With painted and passionless faces,  
With lips that are shapen to lies,  
Ye buzz in the charnel of races  
As blue-bottle flies.

God made you of mud and of madness,  
With dust of the street for a brain,  
And crowned you with horror of sadness,  
And set on you garments of pain;  
And gave you your fate to befall you,  
And your years to be threescore and ten,  
For the doom of a land that must call you  
Its mothers of men.

Though love pass you by in his roaming,  
Nor stand at your side in the dusk,  
When you capture and conquer the gloaming,  
With the scent and the savour of musk;  
In the highways and paths of the city  
Hate follows on shadowless wings  
To slay you and slay without pity,  
Preposterous things!





*The Sacrifice  
on  
How he missed his queue*





### MORE HELP FOR CHINA

Dr. J. C. Ferguson is appointed advisor to the Board of Posts and Communications.

### NARCISSUS BULBS.

Narcissus bulbs should be ordered now so as to be in before the end of November, that is if the best results are desired. It's not much use going by the directions on the box, these are meant for an English spring and don't apply north of the Yang-king-pang. You make a little hole with your dibber rather bigger than the bulb, line the bottom of it with sand, stick in the bulb and cover it with about an inch and a half of sand and earth. A "dibber" sounds like a golf-stick, but it isn't, any more than a "driveller." The point about a driveller is that he can't keep to the point, whereas you stick the point of a dibber into the grass and go round and round. If you haven't got a dibber the thing is to borrow one from someone who's got two; there's no difficulty with drivellers, they are very plentiful and seem to multiply by themselves.

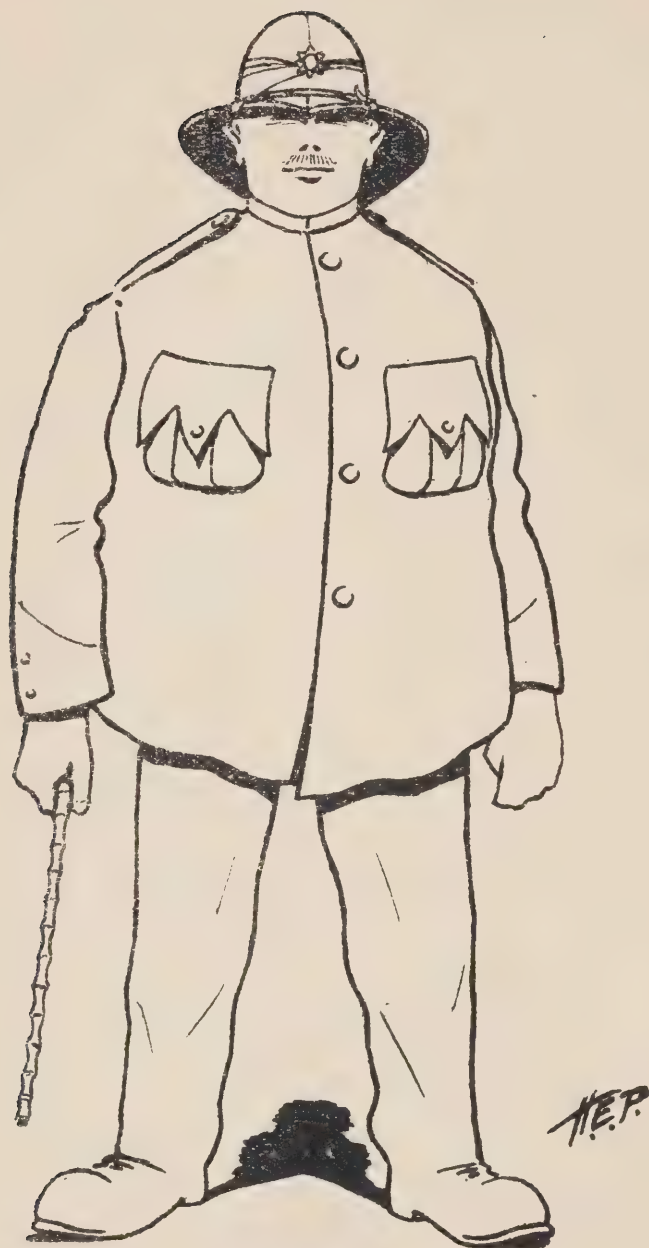
### OYSTERS.

Oh how can I live till September,  
Through the heat of these tropical days,  
While this saying I seem to remember,  
"When the hot weather comes, then it stays;"  
As each hour becomes warmer and moister,  
Of the autumn I longingly think,  
And I crave for the taste of an oyster  
As a drunkard for drink.

Most sweetly seductive of shellfish,  
Whom I humbly confess I adore,  
Oh think not my passion is selfish,  
But I'm yearning to meet you once more,  
As a monk close confined to his cloisters,  
Finds dull and unending the day,  
So I, in the summer, sans oysters  
Am pining away.

They say you're unwholesome, as bearing  
The seeds of disease. Well, if so,  
I care not; I love you past caring,  
Oh peerless purveyor of woe  
Ah no, if 'tis death I am meeting,  
I fear not bacilli and such,  
I'm afraid to die only through eating  
A dozen too much.





*Traffic*

### "JUST TO GET MARRIED"



A great deal has already been written about the performances of "Just to get Married." All the newspaper notices have been laudatory and I quite agree that, if the only question were whether the representation should be praised or blamed, the answer would be that it must certainly be praised. But, as it happens, that is not the only question and it is not, therefore,

enough to describe the play as a "triumphant success" nor even to accord to each of the performers their large or little bit of butter. For it is, as we know, the judicious practice of the Shanghai Press to give the most unstinted praise to amateur performances upon the very reasonable grounds that amateurs cannot be judged by professional standards and that, if you insist on saying unkind things in the papers about them, they simply won't act. I think that the performance we have just seen was altogether an exceptional one and was deserving of exceptional treatment which it certainly did not receive.

First, as to the piece itself. It is the work of the well-known writer who made her mark with "Diana of Dobsons." No one would call it a fine play, but it contains a number of good situations and affords scope for much finished acting. It is also, as far as the first and second Acts are concerned, remarkably true to life. In London it had a considerable measure of success, and I should think that it would always be well received if adequately played. The play is built round the second Act and the authoress has deliberately faced what is, in this case, the very difficult problem of providing in the earlier part of the play the vivid and stimulating picture of a state of affairs to which all that happens in the second Act and after will seem to be the natural and almost inevitable sequel. Now, the audience cannot be told all they ought to know, and certainly cannot be brought to a sympathetic mood by mere narrative or soliloquy and the result, there being so much to tell by action, is that nothing in the first Act is allowed to happen without a specific purpose. Really so much has to be fitted into it that one marvels at Miss Hamilton's audacity. She seems in fact, to have staked her chance of success on the ability of the players to express themselves in histrionic dots and dashes and of the audience to understand much that is not really explained to them at all.

Take one example. Miss Hamilton wishes you to have at least a chance of liking *Georgie* in spite of her repellent hardness. And so she gives you that "Thank you, Frankie" and that quick clasp of the hand. Real feeling there: but I think that with regard to the proper appreciation of *Georgie's* character Miss Hamilton has in the first Act left a great deal to chance, and the same is equally true with regard to *Adam Lankester*. Many other matters of importance are similarly handled. They are too important to be left out, but one has to admit that they are almost too numerous to be effectively included. The result is that unless the Act is very well played, it must produce merely the impression that *Georgie* is a hard and cynical girl who is prepared to do anything to make a man marry her and that *Adam* is a good sportsman, very shy and very much in love. But *Adam* is a great deal more than that: and, as to *Georgie*, in order to understand her character it is necessary to realize the girl's intolerable position, the burden that she is to her relations, the little sympathy that there is between her cousins, the horror, for a nice girl, of being "hawked about," of being discussed below stairs, of being dressed



to catch a husband. Properly speaking at the end of the first Act both *Georgie* and *Adam* should have succeeded in interesting us, and as I have said, it takes very good acting to bring about that result.

The second Act is quite different in quality. It is soundly and solidly constructed, quite simple and natural, and packed to the full with honest human emotion. The burden of this Act rests mainly on the shoulders of the two principal performers, and if they are up to the mark its success is almost assured. But it must not be forgotten that some very responsible work falls to the share of those whose duty it is to relieve the tension after *Adam's* exit.

The third Act is whimsical to the point of farce and is badly in need of revision.

So much for the piece. Beside the two principal parts there are many others of sufficient importance to test the ability of the most experienced amateurs; and no part was badly played. Nothing is easier than to find fault but I can conscientiously say that no one by his or her acting let the play down below a very high level of excellence. Audible delivery was quite a feature of all the performances, and I doubt if anything said failed to reach the audience, except one or two passages in the first Act in which ease and lightness were probably of more importance than definitely articulate speech: at least such was my opinion. And then every part, however small, had been carefully and intelligently studied and it seemed to me that a great deal of latitude had been allowed to performers in the matter of carrying out their own conception of the character they represented without much affecting the excellence of the performance. The piece gained enormously by individual efforts. Amateurs so often fail in what appear to be simple parts from inability to realize the necessity of seeming to be the person they undertake to represent. How many times has one seen a parlour maid played as a "saucy piece" who would not be tolerated for ten minutes in a lady's house. Nothing of this kind happened here, and Mr. Burrett's Porter and Mr. Heffer's Butler were as successful in their way as many more important character studies.

The piece was very well cast.

I have said that no part was badly played, and of course this means much when it is said of such an arduous part as that which was undertaken by Mrs. P. de T. Evans. This lady was on the stage for a considerable time in every act, and therefore the way in which her part was played necessarily counted for a great deal. What I believe was wanted was a display of consistent and vivacious worldliness which had to be a little (not too much) exaggerated for purpose of contrast. There could be no doubt as to the public's opinion of Mrs. Evans' performance, and I should fancy that her rendering of the part of *Julia* corresponded pretty closely to the character that Miss Hamilton had in mind. At any rate it fitted into the play. But I must add that there is a good deal to be said for the view that *Mrs. Macartney* should rather be presented to us as a very ordinary conventional young married woman who is genuinely horrorstruck at any departure from accepted rules of decorum in speech or thought, and whom we are to contrast with the more simple and natural but more broadminded *Miss Melliship*. This fits in too, but I doubt if it fits in so well.

Miss Macleod had a difficult task which must have been made more difficult for her by the fact that she had seen her part played in London by a clever lady of long experience, Miss Rosina Philippi. But there are often more ways than one of playing a part and playing it well, and Miss Macleod was evidently of that opinion. Very wisely she made no attempt to reproduce or imitate Miss Philippi's rendering of

it, but evolved an entirely different conception which was nevertheless quite in accord with the requirements of the plot, and well within her own powers of execution. She was not Rosina Philippi at all but she was an effective and convincing *Lady Catherine*. I am not sure that she managed her departure from the room in the middle of the first act quite successfully: but that is a mere detail. Mrs. Burrett looked her part well and played it carefully though her acting was rather wanting in finish. Her voice does not carry very far and when she wishes to emphasize her remarks, she is inclined to do so by movements which sometimes defeat her object. But she made *Frankie Melliship* a very real person. Mr. Austin, Mr. Whittamore and Miss Eckford were all good in their several degrees: Mr. Austin in particular made a clever study of his part, while Mr. Whittamore's agreeable voice and Miss Eckford's delightful laugh especially qualified them for their respective duties. On second thoughts I am not sure that I have done full justice to either Mr. Austin or Miss Eckford. Each of them had to come on at very critical moments when the atmosphere was highly charged with emotion and by their mere entry to relieve a strain that was becoming too severe. It may be said that neither of them had a great deal to do: but then how perfectly they did it!

The parts of *Adam Lankester* and *Georgie* were taken by Mr. Guibara and Miss A. B. Macleod. I name them together because I find it impossible to say that one contributed more than the other to the success of the play, and their joint performance in the second act was very likely the best that Shanghai has ever seen. I am inclined to think that Mr. Guibara, whose touch is particularly sure, was more even throughout the three nights, while Miss Macleod varied a good deal being at her best on the first and rather below it on the third night. Mr. Guibara has a dignified presence and a powerful and pleasant voice, which is capable of effective modulation. He also has the rare gift of appearing to be simple and unsophisticated, but neither dull nor ignorant. Besides that Mr. Guibara has at his command both passion and feeling, and he was called upon, as *Adam Lankester*, to exercise all his powers. His part was in this way easier in that he had to be obviously the same man throughout, but if he was the same man, he had to pass through many vicissitudes of emotion,—uncertainty, triumph, blissful contentment, surprise, horror, anger, pity. And in every case he was equal to the call made upon him. It was certainly a most extraordinary piece of good fortune that Mr. Guibara's presence here should have coincided with the moment when "Just to get Married" was awaiting presentation to a Shanghai audience. The play would have been impossible without him.

Miss Macleod's part, again, demands great versatility. She has to be gay, sparkling and bitter in the first Act; torn with shame and regret in the second; crushed, dejected and then entirely happy in the third. Miss Macleod's performance had not the extraordinary evenness of Mr. Guibara's. I don't think that in the first Act she played with distinction, but she played competently and she did what was required, that is to say she got the house to feel that in her position the vile thing she was going to do, was almost excusable; that she would have behaved differently if she could, but that circumstances were too strong for her. She is either hampered or assisted (opinions differ) by the curious timbre of her voice. In the second Act she had her opportunity and held the house spell bound from her first appearance. The earlier part of this Act was very well played by Miss Macleod and consolidated the good impression left by the first. The



house felt that this girl was over-strained, that she must have suffered, that she was suffering. Then came the splendid passages between her and *Adam*, as vigorous and true a presentation of feeling as has ever been given us by a dramatic author. In these passages I don't think that anyone could have been better than Miss Macleod, and she had her whole audience deeply moved. She was just as good in the concluding portion of the Act though the strain is by then greatly relaxed. I got very little pleasure from anything Miss Macleod did in the third Act, but there really wasn't much for her to do except to be damp and cold in her silly hat, and then cheerful and happy in *Adam's* coat. In that Act Mr. Guibara had everything good to himself. To repeat myself, the combination of Guibara and Miss Macleod was probably the strongest that has ever been seen here and was, for the purpose of the particular play, almost ideal.

I think that Mr. Guibara's performance was excellent. Judging from his perfect control of voice and features I assume that he is an actor of considerable experience and that he would prefer to be judged on his merits. I shall, therefore, permit myself to say that his nervousness in the first Act was sometimes over-acted. Nevertheless he was, in this Act, a manly and genuine lover. In the second Act Mr. Guibara has this difficulty to contend with, namely that while he has to exhibit very strong feeling his part must of necessity be played in due sub-ordination to that of *Georgie*. I think it can be said of him that he not only recognized this difficulty but successfully overcame it and that while he acted with all the sincerity and force that the part requires he was not guilty of the least exaggeration. But I must add this, It is comparatively easy to end an emotional scene at the supreme moment of passion or pain, but it is much harder to carry it on beyond that point and to portray such changes of feeling as may naturally occur when a crisis is past. I am not sure that Mr. Guibara does not step too suddenly from his mood of fiery indignation into one of rather effusive self-pity. At any rate it seems to me quite natural that a strong, quiet man like *Adam Lankester*, deeply-wounded and aggrieved by conduct which he could not understand, should resent the kissing of his hand by *Georgie* and should rebuke the untimely demonstration with such a phrase as "For God's sake not that!" Mr. Guibara, however, has chosen to give us in these words the despairing groan of a sufferer who can bear no more and I don't think that *Adam* was the kind of man to parade his trouble so openly. But whether I am right or wrong in this, it is quite certain that Mr. Guibara's acting not only in the second Act but whenever he came on the stage was of a very high quality and was a main factor in the success of the play. I offer him my respectful congratulations and look forward to the pleasure of seeing him act again.

The great feature of Miss A. B. Macleod's acting is that she acts. We know, of course, that there are a great many actors and actresses who don't act at all. I won't speak of the ladies, but who would venture to say that Mr. Charles Hawtrey or Mr. Cyril Maude acts? Miss A. B. Macleod does act. She may be like *Georgie* in temperament, but if so it is still very unlikely that her circumstances resemble those of *Georgie* at the time the play opens, or that she has to deal with such a problem as that which faced *Georgie*. But by the exercise of her art Miss Macleod is able to provide herself for a few hours with the character and disposition of her heroine, her past life, her sordid experiences, and to come with *Georgie's* own feelings to commit *Georgie's* crime. That is acting: realizing and embodying a personality and experiences

quite different from our own. It is done all the time by great actresses and such is the strength of real talent that it is possible for a woman who is destitute of good looks to portray even a famous beauty with complete success. And Miss Macleod evidently brings to her acting not only a great deal of energy and ambition to succeed, but also a very active intelligence. It is impossible to carry out the idea of a clever writer like Miss Hamilton (and Miss Hamilton is clever) without being clever too, and she succeeded in doing it. But she possesses a quality more important than any of these, yet impossible to analyze. It is difficult even to define though the word usually employed to describe it is "magnetism." No one who observed the house at either of the three performances could have failed to notice that in the second Act it was held not so much by the interest of the play or by the skill of the acting as by Miss Macleod's personality. That power, by whatever name you call it whether "charm" or "magnetism" is the wonderful possession of very few people and the fact that Miss Macleod possesses it, puts her in a very distinguished class which does not receive many additions from the ranks of amateurs. I state my positive conviction when I say, after seeing Miss Macleod's performance in "Just to get Married" that she is a very fine actress and that if she ever cared to adopt the stage as a profession, she would be sure of success. She has still a great deal to learn, but I do not believe she would encounter any difficulty which she could not overcome.

If I have written at too great length, I apologize, but the subject was worthy, and I hope to be pardoned for excess of zeal.



*Puppydog Pie*





## AT THE KIANG WAN RACES

"The proudest moment of his life."

## BAGS

Too long the wanton work of Chinese tailors  
Had roused my wrath and made me shamed to show.

My limbs in trousers, baggy as a sailor's  
Cut with a seat to fit a buffalo.

When last I wore thee, t'was in Piccadilly  
But freshly fashioned by a master hand,

Thine was the pale perfection of the lily,  
Mine were the proudest legs in all the land;

And, recollecting how thou once wert moulded,  
To give my legs the maximum of grace,

I longed to see thee once again unfolded  
So, lovingly, I sought thy hiding place.

I found thee and my morning coat together,  
Where, late in Spring, I'd placed thee, but alas,

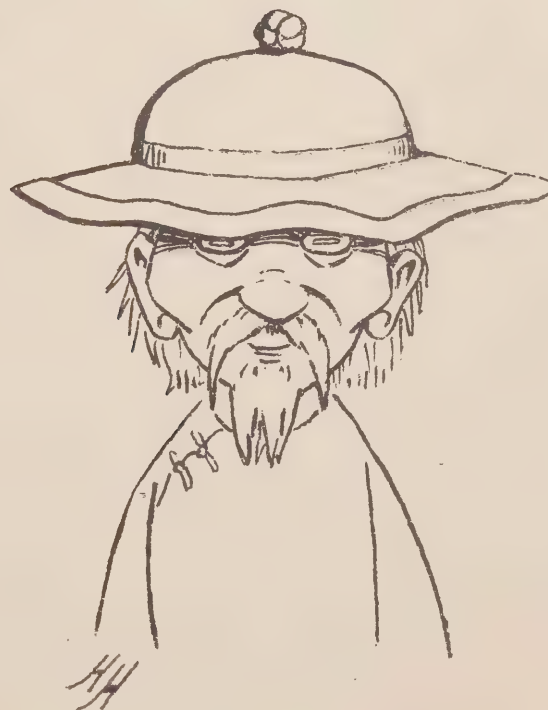
This dripping, dank and pestilential weather  
Had changed thee to a foul and fetid mass.

With mould and reeking fungus thou wert spotted,  
And o'er thy bloom, a yellow tinge had crept;

Thy fabric all irrevocably rotted,  
And I, in anguish, sat me down and wept.

For, woe is me, the work of Chinese tailors,  
Must now disgrace my limbs where'er I go,

My trousers flapping like the bags of sailors'  
Cut with a seat to fit a buffalo.



## THE MARCH OF CIVILIZATION

Mr. Wu Ting Fang effects a Compromise





Girl Scout



Boy Scout



Boy Scoutmaster

## OUR SCOUTS

Some snapshots on coronation day in Shanghai.

## BUNKUM BALLADS.

*The maudlin meanderings of a mugwump*

## IX. MUST-HAVE-BEENS.

I'll sing of smoke, and of its causal fire,  
I'll prate to you of might-have—must-have-been  
Musing alike on Butterfield and Swire  
And on the old original Jardines.

There was a Carter once, (*See Carter Road*),  
But what he carted Heaven alone can tell;  
Markham indeed was flesh and here abode,  
And even now there's bubbling down the well.

Crawford we know, but who the deuce was  
Lane?

Where in the world is Holtz? And what of Hall?  
They are no figments of an old-time brain,  
For hong-lists of the past contain them all.

\* \* \*

The muse forsakes me and flies (*sic*) away,  
Mayhap she's yanking idly by the pang,  
At all events this ends my little lay.  
And sets me asking why I ever sang.



## TO MINE HOST

That soul is bold (or drunk with wine)  
 Who for convention does not reck  
 And dares to sally forth to dine,  
 Without a collar round his neck  
 Whose head is shaved and for the rest  
 Is sensibly and coolly dressed.

The suit of ceremonial black,  
 The snowy shirt's unsmirched expanse,  
 Of strict convention seems to smack,  
 And none may look at you askance,  
 Correctly garbed, no man may know  
 Your physical or mental woe,

In such immaculate array  
 Conventionally clad, I came  
 Nor did the broadcloth good betray,  
 The horror of my secret shame,  
 Unless my mien was so depressed  
 That, on considering, you guessed.

'Twas not a broken collar stud  
 Which caused this agony severe,  
 And, something like the worm i'th' bud,  
 Turned pleasure into sweating fear.  
 I'll tell you, now the day is gone,  
 That I had got no braces on.

## TO MY GUEST.

I, who can stand about and grin  
 At sparkling verse or plainive song,  
 Am not deceived or taken in  
 By what I clearly see is wrong;  
 Thus 'twas with mingled grief and pain  
 I realised that all along  
 Our "dainty rogue in porcelain"  
 Was girt about with leathern thong.

## WHO'S WHO.

The annual sale at the vast emporium of Messrs. Flexcam & Swindle was an enormous success. Amongst the buyers were nine ladies each with a daughter. They naturally gravitated to the ribbon and lace depts, and strange to relate, each mother and each daughter purchased as many yards of ribbon and lace as they paid farthings per yard. Each mother spent exactly one guinea more than her daughter.



## Madame's Mail.

By mail steamer, via Suez one hat  
 By letter post via Siberia one ball gown

## PUZZLE.

Mrs. Datchat, a lady with expensive tastes, bought most of all, buying a large quantity of valuable lace, Mrs. Ford contented herself with some lace which was only about half as expensive, yard for yard, but she purchased exactly four times as much lace as Mrs. Cox. Rebecca bought 10 yds. more than Maria, Mrs. Harris spent  $4\frac{3}{4}$  less than Winifred. Constance's mother bought 20 yds less than Irene. Mrs. Good expended  $9\frac{5}{8}$  more than Mrs. Edwards.

Harriets's aunt and Mrs. Ashly together purchased 8 yds. less ribbon than did Harriet herself. As Gwendoline spent more than Jemima and less than Muriel which of the bargain-seekers was Gwendoline's mother and which Harriet's aunt.

*[Nobody seems quite clear where this article was obtained from, nor by whom it was written. It is inserted as unidentified prose writing, in the hope that some of our readers may indicate its source. Ed.]*





FROM THE NORTH CHINA DAILY NEWS. 26th APRIL 1911.

A lady teacher desires Japanese puppies, four or five to form a class. Apply etc. etc.  
Advt,

The Editors of the "RATTLE," having taken a new lease of life, and having at command the services of a large number of fine artists and spring poets, are no longer under the necessity of inviting contributions from an unresponsive or unproductive public. Sketches and Verse, even accompanied by a stamped envelope, will not be returned, while any ideas contained therein will be openly appropriated, serious paragraphs will be twisted round the wrong way and, jokes will be re-told in a manner so as to make them barely recognisable. Thus if anything funny, or even slightly humorous, calculated to break a smile on the face of a Deputy Commissioner, it were better that he keep it for his own scrap-book or send it to one or other of our contemporaries.

The price of the "RATTLE," is \$1 nett, as heretofore.



**A**  
**Faithfull Companion**  
 THE  
**GRABHORN**  
**Vest Pocket Safety Razor**  
 Price \$5.75  
**Dunning & Co., Ltd.**

For  
 Everything  
 Musical  
 GO TO  
**"MOUTRIES"**

**LLEWELLYN'S  
 MOSQUITO ESSENCE.**

A sure preventative against the bites of insects. If the face, neck, arms, etc. be moistened with this, essence, insects of all descriptions will be kept at a distance. It is agreeably perfumed and is antiseptic and healing. Also cures bites.

Price 75 cts. per bottle.  
**2c Nanking Road**

**LLEWELLYN'S  
 PRICKLY HEAT LOTION.**

An infallible remedy for irritation of the skin caused by heat, sun-burn, tan, etc. They are speedily removed by its use and a generally healthy tone imparted to the skin.

Price \$1.00 per bottle.  
**2c Nanking Road**

**LLEWELLYN'S  
 EFFERVESCENT SALINE.**

A pleasant and refreshing saline exceedingly valuable in purifying the blood and cooling the system.

For the relief of headache and all bilious disorders it will be found beneficial, acting as a mild aperient and also on the liver and kidneys.

Price \$1.00 per bottle.  
**2c Nanking Road**

**LLEWELLYN'S  
 THYMENOL,**

One of the most valuable adjuncts in the treatment of and aid in the prevention of disease. It prevents infection and establishes normal conditions. It is particularly useful in affections of the **NOSE** and **THROAT** either in the form of spray, gargle or nasal douche.

In cases of acute nasal catarrh, it speedily reduces the inflammation of the mucous membrane and establishes the aseptic conditions necessary for a complete cure.

Price 75 cts. per bottle.  
**2c Nanking Road**

**SMOKING IS UNDOUBTEDLY BAD FOR YOU**

**BUT**

**IF YOU MUST SMOKE  
 SMOKE A GOOD CIGARETTE  
 THE ONLY GOOD CIGARETTE**

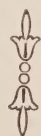
is

**FRIBOURG & TREYER'S**

OBTAINABLE FROM

**A. R. BURKILL & SONS**

**2, KIUKIANG ROAD**



**Large Size - \$4.50 per 100**

**Small Size - \$4.00 per 100**

Supplied to Shanghai Club, Country Club, Race Club, Masonic Club, Cricket Club, Bowling Club, Gun Club, Rubicon Club, Toilet Club and all the other Clubs.

**"You can have the Cigarettes if you've got the cash!"**



# THE RATTLE

( FOUNDED IN 1896 )

**A limited number of BOUND VOLUMES  
of BACK NUMBERS of this paper are to  
be had at Kelly & Walsh Ltd.**

**11, The Bund, Shanghai.**

---

## BOOKS

**Illustrated by H. H. (H. W. G. Hayter.)**

**ON SALE AT**

**KELLY & WALSH Ltd.**

**11, The Bund, Shanghai.**

**SHANGHAI CARICATURES  
FOLK SONGS OF CHINA  
PIDGIN ENGLISH RHYMES  
A MUSE IN MOTLEY**



# THE ONLY WAY.

To appreciate the Rattle to the full is to read it in the Evening, after a dinner cooked by Electricity, in a room lit by Electric lamps, and kept cool by Electric fans.

**LIGHTING** by electricity—is the most economical and pleasantest.

**COOKING** by electricity—is the cleanest and is also as cheap as any of the other methods commonly used—but—the flavour of the food so cooked is superior.

Electric cooking ranges may be hired at a small monthly rental.

For particulars apply to

**THE MUNICIPAL ELECTRICITY WORKS**

31, Fearon Road, Hongkew.

**THE MUNICIPAL SHOWROOMS**

471-472, Nanking Road.

## Kelly & Walsh, Limited.

### CHAIRMAN

There is a charm in CHAIRMAN that appeals to every smoker of taste. Its aroma is pleasing, its flavour always enjoyable, and it is exceptionally cool. It never Burns the tongue.

BOARDMAN'S is the same tobacco milder.

RECORDER The same but fuller flavoured

Price \$ 1.25 per 1/4 lb. Tin

## LOEWE'S PIPES

**Kelly & Walsh, Limited.**

THE BUND





## THE POLO SEASON

Has now commenced and, the last Chukka being over and both pony and rider thoroughly haked, the Boy comes to the rescue with a bottle of cold Aquarius, the most refreshing drink in the world and the best, being made from pure distilled water.

**THE AQUARIUS COMPANY.**

General Manager: CALDBECK MACGREGOR & Co.